



COMIC  
ANIMAL  
SERIES

COPYRIGHT 1890  
MCLOUGHLIN BROS.  
NEW YORK.

CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION

\*  
LIBRARY OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES



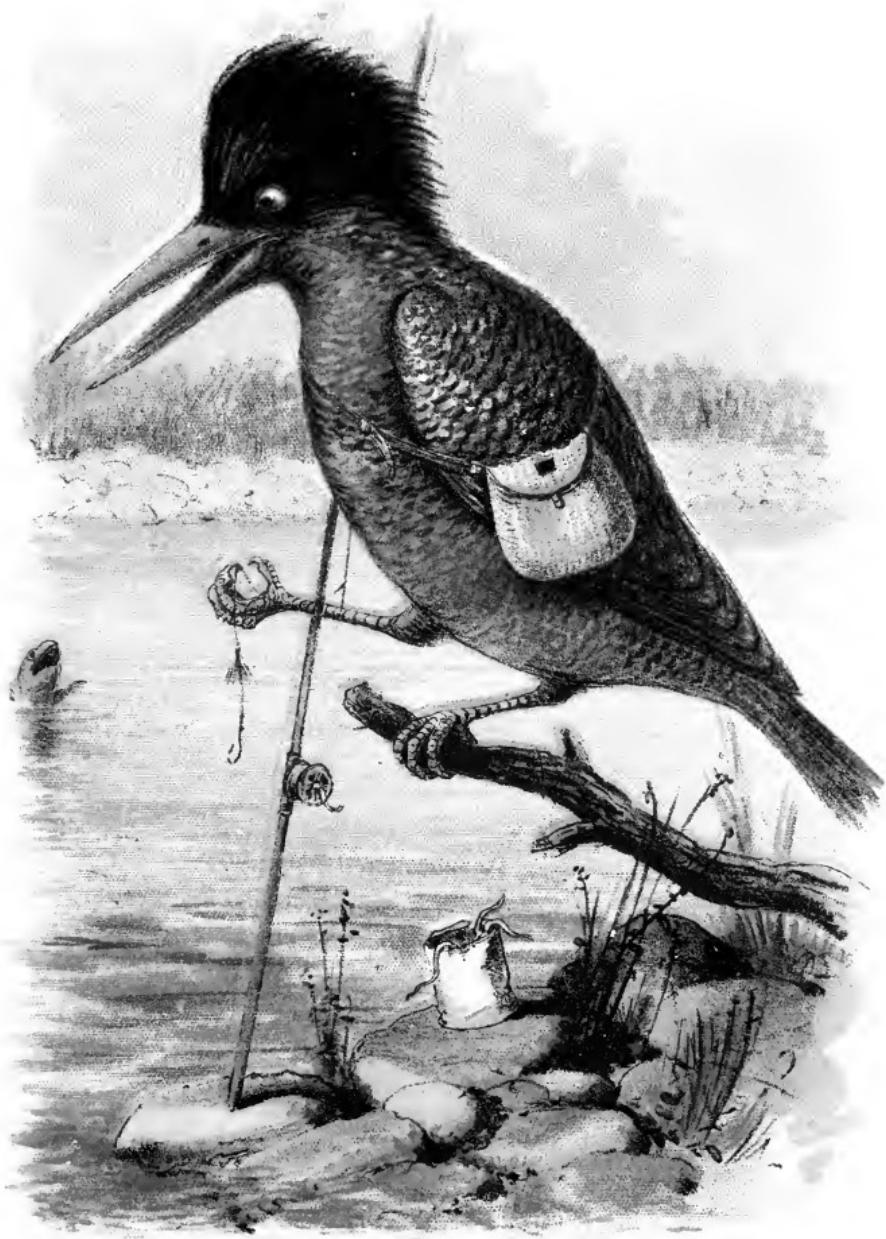
THIS talented Giraffe can play  
In such a skillful, pleasing way,  
That every one who hears agrees  
That he is Master of the Keys;  
So 'tis not strange at all that he  
Should hold his head high, as you see.

HERE'S a Horse that is no shirker,  
But a busy, willing worker,  
For at the steaming washing-tub  
All day, like this, 'twill stand and rub.  
A Horse so good at washing clothes,  
A clothes-horse might be called, I s'pose.





MISS MINNIE MOUSECATCHER PLAYING CROQUET.



CAPTAIN KINGFISHER OUT FOR A DAY'S SPORT.

## THE DOGGIES' PROMENADE.

THREE dogs went out for a promenade  
All on a summer's day;  
There was Mr. Dog, and Mrs. Dog,  
And little Doggie Tray.

And as they walked down the crowded street,  
They were proud as proud could be,  
For they were dressed in their very best,  
As every one could see.

But a mischievous cat on the sidewalk stood,  
No coat, no hat had she;  
So she laughed at the dress  
And the pompousness  
Of the dog and his family.

Mr. Dog growled deep, and sprang at the cat,  
And chased her up and down,  
With an angry cry,  
and a flashing eye,  
Throughout the  
wondering  
town.



But he tripped in his haste against a stone,  
And fell in the slippery street,

And when he arose,  
Lo! his stylish clothes  
Were mud from head to feet.



And Mrs. Dog, when she saw his plight,  
With horror swooned away,  
And sank right down, with her silken gown,  
On a heap of soft red clay.

Wee Baby Dog was in sad distress ;  
He sought for his cap in vain ;  
His kilt was torn, he was all forlorn,  
And his tears fell down like rain.

But the roguish cat at her fireside sat,  
And thought of her fun that day ;  
And she jumped and danced,  
and purred and pranced,  
At the doggies running away.

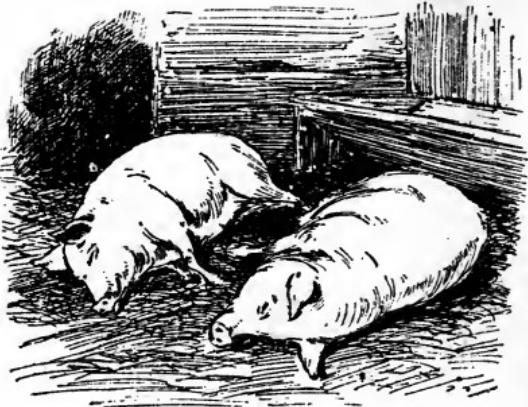


JUMBO JOLLIBOY SINGING A COMIC SONG.



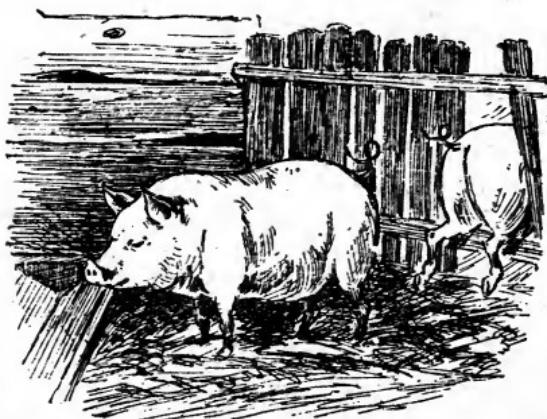
JOCKO PRETTYFACE PERFORMING ON THE TIGHT-ROPE.

TWO little pigs  
were in  
a pen;  
One little pig ran  
away and  
then  
Then there was  
only  
one!



One little pig to stay at home  
One little pig that loved to roam—  
Over the fields to run.

Both pig's tails were curled up tight,  
One to the left, and one to the right;  
Two little pigs in a pen!  
Some of the time they would take their ease,



Up in a  
corner  
as snug  
as you  
please.  
You should  
have seen  
them  
then.

One little pig that  
ran

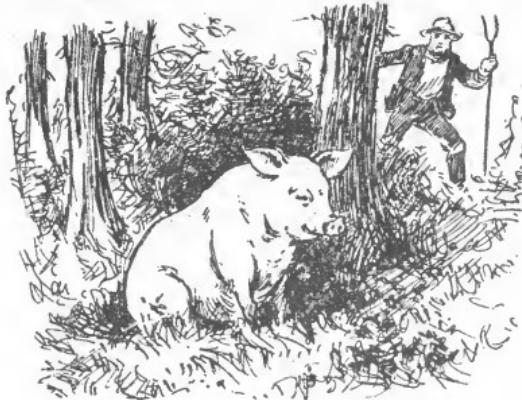
away—

The one with his  
tail to  
the left,

they say—

Knew well it was  
not right

To go so far. He could not be found  
Though his master searched the woods around;  
And so he was out all night.



But when that pig came back—Oh! then  
He wished that he had not left the pen.

How sorry he did feel!

For the master tied the naughty pig's leg,

With a good  
stout rope,  
to a good  
stout peg!  
Oh! you  
should have  
heard  
him  
squeal.



